

Very Far.  
"That's a pretty far-fetched story."  
"Yes, I got it by long distance telephone."  
Comparative Values.  
"My wife can make a tart reply."  
"My wife can do better than that. She can make a pie speak for itself."  
Garfield Tea insures a normal action of the liver.  
Always remember to be a gentleman—unless you are a woman.

### WHAT WILL CURE MY BACK?

Common sense will do more to cure backache than anything else. "Will tell you whether the kidneys are sore, swollen and aching. It will tell you in that case that there is no use trying to cure it with a plaster. If the passages are scant or too frequent, proof that there is kidney trouble is complete. Then common sense will tell you to use Doan's Kidney Pills, the best recommended special kidney remedy."

### A TYPICAL CASE—

James C. Hardin, Weatherford, Tex., says: "My feet and limbs became numb and I had terrible pains through my 'Ferry Kidney Pills'." "My wife and I had terrible pains through my 'Ferry Kidney Pills'." "My wife and I had terrible pains through my 'Ferry Kidney Pills'."



AT ALL DEALERS 50c. a Box  
**DOAN'S Kidney Pills**

### The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature *Asentwood*

### Sioux City Directory

"Hub of the Northwest."  
**IOELESS**  
Soda Fountains and supplies. We sell them. Chesterman Co., Dept. F, Sioux City, Ia.

**HUMPHREYS STEAM DYE WORKS**  
DRY CLEANING & DYING—OUR SPECIALTY  
177 PIERCE STREET, SIoux CITY, IOWA

**CLEANING and DYING**  
In all its branches—modern methods. Express paid one way on all orders. W. O. DAVENPORT, 177 PIERCE STREET, SIoux CITY, IOWA

**PEERLESS CHICK FOOD**  
PEERLESS POULTRY FOOD  
KARON MILLING CO., Sioux City, Ia.

**AWNINGS, TENTS**  
Stack Covers, etc. TENTS TO RENT  
G. E. Martin Co., 307 Jackson St., Sioux City, Ia.

**WOLFSON'S STEAM DYE WORKS**  
Suits cleaned and pressed for \$1.00  
Express paid one way. 7th, Sioux City, Ia.

**GOING TO BUILD?**  
THE LITTLE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY, Sioux City, Iowa  
Builds and large residences erected every where.

**FLAXSEED FOR SOWING**  
All indications are that the price of flax seed will continue to rise. We offer seed for sowing at 25c per bushel in bulk. Write for catalog. AMERICAN LINSEED CO., Sioux City, Ia.

You Get Value Received When You Buy  
**TRILBY SOAP**  
The kind with the YELLOW BAND  
Sold by all grocers, the bands are valuable

**To Merchants Only**  
Crockery, China, Glassware, Lamps, Hotel Dishes, Fountain Supplies, etc. Wholesale and Manufacturing Agents. Write for catalog or salesman. **SIoux CITY CROCKERY CO., 309-311 N. 5th St., Sioux City, Ia.**

**Electric Light Plants**  
for farms and towns. All kinds of electric fixtures and supplies.  
Electric Supply Co., 525 5th, Sioux City, Ia.

**SAVE YOUR HAIR**  
WITH DeLUTH'S GOLDEN DANDRUFF DESTROYER AND HAIR TONIC  
before too late. Write for free match and full trial. DeLUTH'S GOLDEN TONIC CO., 316 Erie Exchange Bldg., Sioux City, Iowa, for your druggist. Complete treatment, postpaid \$1.00.

**CLA-ROX**  
THE BRICK WITH A NAME  
Mfg. by SIoux CITY BRICK & TILE WORKS  
For Sale by Your Lumberman

**ROCKLIN & LEHMAN FLORISTS**  
SIoux CITY IOWA  
Fresh Cut Flowers & Floral Emblems  
OF ALL DESCRIPTION ON SHORT NOTICE. Order by Mail, Telephone or Telegraph. OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT.

# BURNING DAYLIGHT

By JACK LONDON  
AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE WILD," "WHITE FANG," "MARTIN EDEN," ETC.

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(Copyright, 1910, by the Macmillan Company.)

The hand that had made the Circle City giants wince! And a kid from college, with a laugh on his face, had put it down—twice! Dede was right. He was not the same man. The situation would bear more serious looking into than he had ever given it. But this was not the time. In the morning, after a good sleep, he would give it consideration.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Daylight awoke with the familiar parched mouth and lips and throat, took a long drink of water from the pitcher beside his bed, and gathered up the train of thought where he had left it the night before. He reviewed the ease of the financial strain. Things were mending at last. While the going was still rough, the greatest dangers were already past. His mind moved on to the incident at the corner of the bar of the Parthenon, when the young athlete had turned his hand down. He was no longer stunned by the event, but he was shocked and grieved, as only a strong man can be, at this passing of his strength. He had always looked upon this strength of his as permanent, and here, for years, it had been steadily ebbing from him. As he had diagnosed it, he had come in from under the stars to roost in the coops of cities. He had almost forgotten how to walk. He had lifted up his feet and been ridden around in automobiles, cabs and carriages, and electric cars. He had not exercised, and he had dry-rotted his muscles with alcohol. And was it worth it? What did all his money mean after all? Dede was right. It could buy him no more than one bed at a time, and at the same time it had made him the abject of slaves. It tied him fast. What was better? He asked himself. It was what Dede's own thought. It was what he had meant when she prayed he would go broke. He held up his offending right arm. It wasn't the same old arm. Of course she could not love that arm and that body as she had loved the strong, clean arm

of his own weight. He looked for the lines of cruelty Dede had spoken of, and he found them, and he found the harshness in the eyes as well, the eyes that were muddy now after all the cocktails of the night before, and of the months and years before. He looked at the clearly defined pouches that showed under his eyes, and they shocked him. He rolled up the sleeve of his pajamas. No wonder the hammer-thrower had put his hand down. Those weren't muscles. A rising tide of fat had submerged them. He stripped off the pajama coat. Again he was shocked, this time by the bulk of his body. It wasn't pretty. The lean stomach had become a paunch. The rigid muscles of chest and shoulders and abdomen had broken down into rolls of flesh. And this was age. Then there drifted across the field of vision of his mind's eye the old man he had encountered at Glen Ellen, coming up the hills through the forest of sunset, white-headed and white-bearded, eighty-four, in his hand the ball of foaming milk and in his face all the warm glow and content of the passing summer day. That had been age. "Yes, shree, eighty-four," he had said. "Yes, shree, eighty-four," he could hear the old man say.

Next he remembered Ferguson, the little man who had scuttled into the road like a rabbit, the one-time managing editor of a great newspaper, who was content to live in the chaparral along with his spring of mountain water and his hand-reared and manured fruit trees. Ferguson had solved a problem. A weakling and an alcoholic, he had run away from the doctors and the chicken-coop of a city, and soaked up health like a thirsty sponge. He sat down suddenly on the bed, startled by the greatness of the idea that had come to him. He did not sit long. His mind, working in its customary way, like a steel trap, caressed the idea in all its bearings. It was big—bigger than anything he had faced before. And he faced it squarely, picked it up in his two hands and turned it over and around and looked at it. The simplicity of it delighted him. He chuckled over it, reached his decision, and began to dress. Midway in the dressing he stopped in order to use the telephone.

Dede was the first he called up. "Don't come to the office this morning," he said. "I'm coming out to see you for a moment."  
He called up others. He ordered his motor-car. To Jones he gave instructions for the forwarding of Bob and Wolf to Glen Ellen. Hegan he surprised by asking him to look up the deed of the Glen Ellen ranch and make out a new one in Dede Mason's name. "Who?" Hegan demanded. "Dede Mason," Daylight replied. "Dede Mason?" "The phone must be in contact this morning. D-e-d-e M-a-s-o-n. Got it?"

Half an hour later he was flying out to Berkeley. For the first time the big red car halted directly before the house. Dede offered to receive him in the parlor, but he shook his head and nodded toward her rooms. "In there," he said. "No other place would suit."  
As the door closed, his arms went out and around her. Then he stood with his hands on her shoulders and looking down into her face.

"We're Pulling Out of the Financial Pawnshop in Fine Shape."  
him say a few. I'm a young man myself, only I don't. Let me tell you, several years ago for me to turn your hand down would have been like committing assault and battery on a kindergarten."  
Slosson looked his incredulity, while the others grinned and clustered around Daylight encouragingly.  
"Son, I ain't given to preaching. This is the first time I ever come to the pentent form, and you put me there yourself—hard. I've seen a few in my time, and I ain't fastidious so you can notice it. But let me tell you right now that I'm worth the devil alone knows how many millions, and that I'd sure give it all, right here on the bar, to turn down your hand. Which means I'd give the whole shooting match just to be back where I was before I quit sleeping under the stars and come into the hen-coops of cities to drink cocktails and lift up my feet and ride. Son, that's what's the matter with me, and that's the way I feel about it. The game ain't worth the candle. You just take care of yourself, and roll my advice over once in a while. Good night."  
He turned and lurched out of the place, the moral effect of his utterance largely spoiled by the fact that he was so patently full while he uttered it.  
Still in a daze, Daylight made to his hotel, accomplished his dinner, and prepared for bed.  
"The damned young whippersnapper!" he muttered. "Pat my hand down easy as you please. My hand!" He held up the offending member and regarded it with stupid wonder. The hand that had never been beaten

refuse to marry a money-slave with a whisky-rotted carcass.  
He got out of bed and looked at himself in the long mirror on the wardrobe door. He wasn't pretty. The old-time lean cheeks were gone. These were heavy, seeming to hang down by their own weight. He looked for the lines of cruelty Dede had spoken of, and he found them, and he found the harshness in the eyes as well, the eyes that were muddy now after all the cocktails of the night before, and of the months and years before. He looked at the clearly defined pouches that showed under his eyes, and they shocked him. He rolled up the sleeve of his pajamas. No wonder the hammer-thrower had put his hand down. Those weren't muscles. A rising tide of fat had submerged them. He stripped off the pajama coat. Again he was shocked, this time by the bulk of his body. It wasn't pretty. The lean stomach had become a paunch. The rigid muscles of chest and shoulders and abdomen had broken down into rolls of flesh. And this was age. Then there drifted across the field of vision of his mind's eye the old man he had encountered at Glen Ellen, coming up the hills through the forest of sunset, white-headed and white-bearded, eighty-four, in his hand the ball of foaming milk and in his face all the warm glow and content of the passing summer day. That had been age. "Yes, shree, eighty-four," he had said. "Yes, shree, eighty-four," he could hear the old man say.

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### LAND OF DISTURBED SLUMBER

India Also is the Abode of the Festive Mosquito and the Sleepy Punkah-Wallah.  
You cannot circumvent the mosquito as you can the fly. She has too many brains, wherever she may stow them. But she is trail and feeble on the wing, and you can get her there. For example, in India it is well known that mosquitoes will not bite under the punkah, therefore exiles in that land of the twelve plagues sleep under a swishing punkah for the six summer months, and under a mosquito net for the rest of the year, for there is no closed season for mosquitoes in India. One sleeps as sweetly as may be in that hot, intermittent gale, lulled by the creaking ropes as the punkah stops and sags; sleeps fairly well until the punkah-wallah, who sits outside on your veranda and pulls the punkah by a string through the wall, himself begins to doze, and finally nods as the punkah flaps, and slowly, after a spasmodic jerk or two, sinks to rest. The hot air settles down upon you. The mosquitoes settle down upon you, too, not singly, but in battalions. If you have counted seven or ten separate bites on a single finger. And then you wake, slowly, contentedly, as souls will awake in purgatory, wondering what is wrong. Finally you awake enough to discover what is wrong, and realize that the punkah has stopped, and that in consequence you are threatened with an accumulation of heat apoplexy, malaria and blood poisoning complicated by approaching nervous prostration. You might as well resign yourself and make your will. But if you are unresigned and choleric you take a cork-screw from the shelf, as the White Knight said to Alice, and go to wake him up for yourself. Then, for the rest of that night and for several nights to come the punkah blows a gale. Or if you are diplomatic rather than choleric you calculate that the punkah-wallah has almost certainly gone to sleep with the punkah-cord in his fingers. You reach up in the mosquito-haunted dark for the slack of the cord on your side of the wall, pull in the slack as cautiously as if you were playing a salmon in a pool, not a punkah-wallah on a veranda, and when the cord is fairly taut you give one long, quick pull that whisks the punkah-wallah half way across the veranda, where he wakes in a cold sweat, thinking the long-nailed demons have got him at last. Your sotto voce remarks carry just that meaning you hope they have.—Harper's Weekly.

### Write For This Free Book—Shows 20 Beautiful Modern Rooms—

tells how you can get the very latest effects on your walls. Contains a sample of the Color Plans our artists will furnish you, FREE, for any rooms you wish to decorate.

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VERY GOOD REASON.

Startem—Why didn't you get a bigger automobile? Shovem—I wanted one I could push up hill.

PIMPLES ON FACE 3 YEARS

"I was troubled with acne for three long years. My face was the only part affected, but it caused great disfigurement, also suffering and loss of sleep. At first there appeared red, hard pimples which later contained white matter. I suffered a great deal caused by the itching. I was in a state of perplexity when walking the streets or anywhere before the public."

"I used pills and other remedies but they failed completely. I thought of giving up when nothing would help, but something told me to try the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I sent for a Cuticura Booklet which I read carefully. Then I bought some Cuticura Soap and Ointment and by following the directions I was relieved in a few days. I used Cuticura Soap for washing my face, and applied the Cuticura Ointment morning and evening. This treatment brought marvelous results so I continued with it for a few weeks and was cured completely. I can truthfully say that the Cuticura Remedies are not only all, but more than they claim to be." (Signed) G. Baume, 1015 W. 20th Place, Chicago, Ill., May 28, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston.

Altogether Too Late Now. A lady who was anxious to obtain a good general servant applied at an intelligence office and was assured by the proprietor that she had just the person to suit. A raw-boned Irish woman some fifty years of age came forward. "Well," said the lady, after a short conversation, "I would be very glad to engage you, but—" "But what, pray?" "Well, you see I wanted one who is—who is rather younger." "An' indeed!" exclaimed the woman, folding her arms and glaring indignantly, "it's a pity the good Lord didn't make me in the year of your convenience."

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Garfield Tea, by purifying the blood, cures such Rheumatism, Dyspepsia and many chronic ailments.

Our idea of a lazy woman is one who never gets busy with her complexion.

"Pink Eye" is Epidemic in the Spring. Try Muriol Eye Remedy for Reliable Relief.

If a girl really wants a man's love she returns it.

**TWO WEEKS' TREATMENT AND MEDICINE FREE**  
no matter what your disease. If you suffer from Rheumatism, write. If you suffer from Kidney Trouble, write. No matter what you suffer from, write to **MUNYON'S DOCTORS**, 534 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. **NOT A PENNY TO PAY** Offer Is Good for the Next Thirty Days.

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